

ON THE LABRADOR -- This map shows the route of the Labrador Odyssey expedition this summer. This route map, of which we show a small portion created by Sean Peake, will be featured on the trip's Web site at www.canoe.ca/labrador2001 and will be interactive. The trip, featured on Page 9 will bring you daily updated pictures, words, video and VR panoramas as we make our way from the incredible Labrador coast to the mouth of the George River where we finished our 1997 trip. We will be traversing the Torngat Mountains and paddling the Korok River to Ungava Bay.

map: Sean Peake@NACC

Down to the Bay in 1925

Labrador Odyssey 2001

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Summer Packet



Judy Lord from the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association wrote to inquire about your photos.

"I wonder if any Che-Mun contributors you know of might like to submit any photos for our Canadian Heritage Rivers calendar? Below is a list of rivers so that you can tell at a glance if any of your favourite photos were taken on the designated or nominated river!"

*Call for Photographs
Canadian Heritage Rivers
Calendar 2002.*

We want to profile your best river work. If you have taken some stunning photos of any of the 38 rivers that have been designated or are nominated to the CHR system interested in hearing from you.

The calendar, which has been a very popular since its inception over a decade ago, features one river from each province and territory. It is produced by the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association, in cooperation with the Canadian Heritage River System.

Send candidate photos to:
Calendar Photographs
Canadian Recreational
Canoeing Association
P.O. Box 398,
446 Main Street West

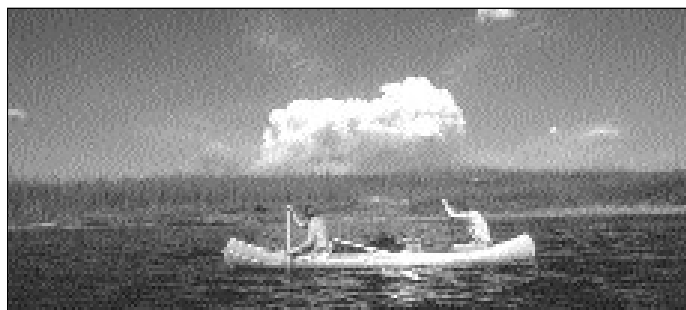
Merrickville, Ontario,
Canada K0G 1N0
Please DO NOT send
electronic files although files on
CD are fine. Many
photographers choose to post
their photos on a web site for
preliminary viewing.

Main, NF
Bay du Nord, NF
Shelburne, NS
Margaree, NS
Hillsborough, PE
Three Rivers, PE
St. Croix, NB
Upper Restigouche, NB
Jacques Cartier, QC
French, ON
Mattawa, ON
Grand, ON
Boundary Waters, ON
Voyageur Waterway, ON
Humber, ON
Detroit, ON
Rideau, ON
Missinaibi, ON
St. Mary, ON
Thames, ON
Bloodvein, MB
Seal, MB
Hayes, MB
Kazan, NU
Thelon, NU
Clearwater, SK & AB
Churchill, SK
Nahanni, NT
Arctic Red, NT
North Saskatchewan, AB

Athabasca, AB
Kicking Horse, BC
Fraser, BC
Kowichan, BC

Yukon (Thirty Mile), YK
Bonnet Plume, YK
Alsek, YK
Tatshenshini, YK

Blazing Paddles on the Rupert



Sean and Geoffrey Peake were treated to interesting displays of forest fires along the same stretch of the Rupert River in early June 1982.

Residents of a tiny Cree village along the Rupert River in Northern Quebec had to leave their homes in late May as a forest fire drew dangerously close. The fire, which spread from an outdoor cooking fire neared Nemaska, a village east of James Bay and about 1,200 kilometres north of Montreal.

"Nobody really paid attention to it in the beginning," said Matthew Swallow, Nemaska's deputy band council chief, at the village fire hall Sunday. "It was small but then (Saturday) the wind changed direction." Forests in many parts of Quebec are at extreme risk of forest fires because there has been very little rain recently. Nemaska, for example, has received only four centimetres of precipitation in May. "Even the swamp area here wasn't able to act as a fire barrier because it was too dry," Swallow said.

The provincial agency that manages forest fires ordered a ban on outdoor fires last week because the risk of forest fires was so high. In Nemaska, the fire spread quickly, travelling about six kilometres in just four hours, Swallow said. The village, with a population of about 550, was enveloped by smoke Saturday, making breathing difficult.

Two water bombers collected water from the river expansion beside the village and dumped it on the fire.



Gwyneth Hoyle, the patron Saint of Che-Mun, has kindly contributed another wonderful slice of a passing canoe era, when northern Ontario was a burgeoning frontier. The story of Father Barrett (r) and Son, on Page 6, and their adventures in James Bay (shown left in 1925) and their dash for home is a touching and fascinating memoir.



Quebec's liquor board, the Société des alcools du Québec, is clamping down on the free-and-easy access to booze it once offered to northerners on its Web site.

Canoesworthy

Up until this week, all Nunavik residents older than 18 could order liquor over the agency's Internet site whenever they wanted. All they needed was online access and a valid credit card. For orders costing more than \$50, they even waived the delivery charge. The site, at www.saq.com, is startlingly easy to use. It takes just two minutes to register as a client. After that, you're free to order from among 1,600 products. This free-delivery policy will remain, but in the future all orders placed from Nunavik will have to be approved by local police before they send the alcohol.

This change in policy will appease the concerns of police and municipal officials. They feared bootleggers and chronic drunks would soon catch on to this cheap and easy way of bringing booze into Nunavik.

Non-Inuit in Kuujuaq and Puvirnituk were the first to

discover the online service, which was vigorously promoted in the South. Word then spread like wildfire to other communities.

Adventurer Kazuo Kojima is one step closer to fulfilling his vision-quest. Accompanied by two dog teams, his old friend the champion Yukon musher Frank Turner, and guides Stanley Klengenberg and George Egotak of Kugluktuk, the Japanese dog musher finished the second-to-last leg of his epic journey that began four years ago deep in the heart of Russian Siberia.

Kojima is retracing what he believes is the ancient migratory route Mongolian people used when they "populated" what's now Arctic North America and Greenland.

On June 1, Kojima and crew arrived in Grise Fiord six days after departing from Resolute Bay. It's yet another minor leg of a four-year trek that began more than 8,000 kilometres west of the windswept sea ice surrounding Devon Island.

It's also a trek beset by grief. Upon their arrival in Resolute on May 19, Kojima and his team were told by local authorities that

➔ **Continued on Page 10**

From the Editor

Greetings from Preparation Hell! Well, I suppose it can't really be described as hellish since it is a voluntary appointment.

No one forces us to do these increasingly elaborate expeditions such as this summer's *Labrador Odyssey 2001*. We have been incredibly fortunate at the Hide-Away Canoe Club. We have a fabulous, challenging route with full sponsorship by one magnanimous and appropriate sponsor—Woods Canada.

We have always wanted to have one main sponsor since it works out best for everyone. They get all the exposure and we get complete and generous cooperation from a company that respects what we can do. Hardly the stuff of hellish proportions.

As the principal organizer of these jaunts, much falls to me, willingly, and every year it seems we bite off a little more to chew.

Labrador Odyssey 2001 will be the most complete media presentation we have yet done. With a Web site designed and written by the HACC (primarily Sean Peake) and media on the Web consisting of stories, photos, sound files, video clips and 360 degree photo panoramas - all thanks to Woods Canada.

All that tech stuff that makes it so interesting to those of you who check us out at www.canoe.ca/labrador2001 is what causes the biggest headaches. Getting all the pieces to work together - satphones seem to like Windows laptops - not our beloved Macs.

Both previous *Onriver* Online trips on the George and Winisk have had their high-tech

heart attacks to deal with on the trail—no charger for the digital camera and a fatal tarp water bath for a G3 laptop. The reason things still worked is because of all this work we are doing now to make sure everything is backed up with duplicate systems. It's that NASA-thing, with a crew of one!

But through it all, an understanding and helpful wife (who's somewhat nervous about the ocean parts of this journey) and the knowledge that we're doing what we do best makes it worthwhile.

The anticipation of paddling and walking through the incredible Torngat Range in northern Labrador, pulling Arctic char out of the churning Korok River, sharing great camaraderie with my brothers and friends makes the all the effort pale in return for the true rewards.

Michael Peake.

Fatal Passage

The Untold Story of John Rae, the Arctic Adventurer who Discovered the Fate of Franklin

By Ken McGoogan

Published by Harper Flamingo

Canada 328 pp, \$34

ISBN: 0 00 200054 7

Reviewed by Paul vanPeenen.

There is a great irony in the relationship between John Rae and Sir John Franklin. Their names will forever remain synonymous with the history of Arctic exploration but Ken McGoogan's new book *Fatal Passage* attempts to set the record straight.

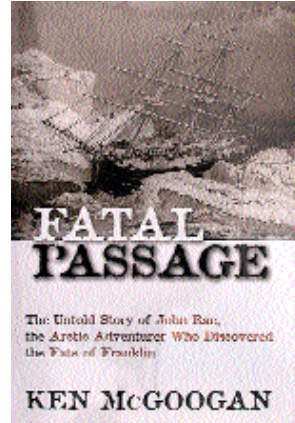
Both men were explorers, Rae with the Hudson's Bay Company and Franklin with the Royal Navy. But there the similarity ends. Franklin, the consummate British officer refused to adapt to proven arctic survival techniques and it cost him his life along with the lives of 128 officers and men. Rae readily accepted and adapted to wearing fur clothing and using proven travel methods of the Inuit and Indians he lived and worked with.

The irony, of course, is that Rae was the first European to discover the fate of Franklin and his men while at the same time discovering the only navigable Northwest Passage with which Franklin and Sir Robert McClure have been credited. McGoogan goes to great lengths to corroborate Rae's discoveries to correct the historical record.

By all accounts Franklin was not suited to travel in the harsh Arctic environment. His first Arctic expedition in 1821 was a disaster in which he lost more than half his men to starvation and only barely escaped with his life thanks to midshipman George Back and the Yellowknife Indians who saved the remainder of the party. Nevertheless, this fiasco catapulted Franklin into the

Victorian limelight as "the man who ate his shoes."

Franklin's ultimate demise came more than 25 years later when, in 1845, he sailed from England intent to become the first man to navigate the Northwest Passage. He never made it as his ships *Erebus* and *Terror* became beset in ice off the northwest coast of King William Island.



Franklin and many men died of a combination of scurvy, botulism, starvation and lead poisoning while the survivors died one by one on a grueling march to the

mouth of the Back River.

At the tender age of 19, upon graduating from medical school in Edinburgh, Scotland, adventure and Rupert's Land beckoned the young Rae and he left his native Orkney Islands in 1833 hired as surgeon on board the Hudson Bay Company ship *Prince of Wales* bound for Moose Factory. He was to have sailed back that same season but pack ice prevented the ships from leaving Hudson Bay and Rae and the crew spent the winter on Charlton Island at the south end of the bay. Here Rae proved himself not only as a doctor by nursing many of crew suffering from scurvy but also as "... hardy and well-adapted to the country," according to Chief Factor John George MacTavish in a letter to Sir George Simpson, the HBC governor at the time.

And so Rae's fate was sealed with a five-year contract offer from governor Simpson to which Rae agreed to remain for only two years. He stayed at Moose Factory for the next 10 years honing his skills and according to McGoogan "... embarking on a singular journey that

would make him arguably the greatest Arctic explorer of the century."

The book is rich in detail of Rae's childhood on the Orkney Islands followed by his years as doctor at Moose Factory where he quickly learned the necessary skills for life in Rupert's Land from the Cree who lived all around the post. Rae became an expert canoeist and extraordinary snowshoe walker as his house calls frequently forced him to make long-distance trips both summer and winter. His skill as a hunter also flourished as he constantly supplied deer and fowl for the fur trading post.

McGoogan's painstaking research adds colour to the story of Rae's early life. The author's admiration for Rae is palpable. Little details gleaned from letters and journals are used to give insight to what life was like for the young Rae at a 19th century Hudson's Bay Company post at a time when great changes were taking place in Rupert's Land and the rest of the world.

In 1843, Sir George Simpson summoned Rae to Lachine for Christmas where the men discussed plans for Rae's first Arctic expedition to survey and map the north coast and possibly discover the Northwest Passage, the Holy Grail of 19th century Arctic exploration.

Rae prepared himself by snowshoeing 700 miles back to Moose Factory and in the two years that followed he learned to use a sextant and the art of surveying. In June 1846 he set out from York Factory with 10 men and two boats on what was to be the first of four remarkable expeditions that mapped key parts of the north coast of the continent.

The journey took him north along the Hudson Bay coast to Repulse Bay across (what is now known as) the Rae Isthmus into Committee Bay where he surveyed the entire coast of the bay and the southern half of the Gulf of Boothia. He discovered that Boothia Felix was a peninsula and not an island as had been previously speculated. In short, he proved

that no Northwest Passage existed in this vicinity.

What makes this survey remarkable is that it was carried out largely after Rae and his men spent the winter of 1846-47 in Repulse Bay living in a stone house and igloos while hunting for their food, a challenge that, according to McGoogan, no European had yet met. At the same time, hundreds of miles to the northwest, Franklin and his men also spent a grueling winter beset in ice off the north coast of King William Island. By the time Rae returned to civilization with his discoveries Franklin was already dead and the greatest search for a lost explorer had begun and, in many ways, continues to this day.

In 1848, one of these search expeditions was led by Rae and John Richardson who had served with Franklin during his first two Arctic expeditions of 1820-21 and 1825-27. They traveled up the Mackenzie River and along the north coast as far east as Coronation Gulf before retreating back up the Coppermine River to spend the winter at Fort Confidence on Great Bear Lake. The following summer, Richardson returned to England and Rae attempted to cross to Wollaston Land by small boat but failed and returned to Fort Simpson to take charge of the Mackenzie River District for the HBC.

In the spring of 1851 Rae did cross Dolphin and Union Strait on foot and surveyed the coast line of the Wollaston Peninsula believed at the time to be separate from Victoria Island. Later that same year, Rae and 11 men in two small boats sailed east along Coronation Gulf to the Kent Peninsula. Here, Rae decided to sail north to Victoria Island and search for Franklin along its southern and eastern coasts. Ironically, Rae wrote at the time: "Had geographical discovery had been the object . . . I would have followed the coast eastward to Simpson Strait and then have crossed over towards Cape Franklin (on King William Island)."

McGoogan laments that had Rae indeed been able to go east, he would

likely have discovered the fate of Franklin and his men early enough to retrieve invaluable written records of the lost expedition. About a month later, Rae twice tried crossing Victoria Strait to King William Island but ice and the onset of winter prevented him from doing so. But Rae did discover the first clues to what had happened to Franklin. He found two pieces of wood which were clearly manufactured and Rae speculated they were portions of one of Franklin's ships.

The search for Franklin continued with his widow Lady Jane Franklin leading the charge and even going so far as to finance private expeditions. Rewards were offered by the admiralty and both Navy and private expeditions were sent into the Arctic to find the lost explorer.

In March 1854, after having spent another winter living off the land in the Arctic, Rae's fourth Expedition took him back to the Boothia Peninsula to complete the mapping of the northern coast of the continent.

This is where the story of Rae's life becomes forever intertwined with that of Franklin. Rae traveled north along the coast of Boothia and discovered that King William Land was an island and that the strait separating it from the mainland – now known as Rae Strait – was the last piece in the Northwest Passage puzzle which Europeans had been trying to solve since the 17th century. Fifty years later, Roald Amundsen would prove Rae correct by becoming the first to navigate the passage through Rae Strait.

Secondly, Inuit hunters told Rae of dead white men to the west of a large river (the Back River) and they also produced artifacts undoubtedly belonging to the Franklin expedition. Rae bought silver cutlery, buttons and a gold hat band from the Inuit along with other artifacts. More importantly, Rae was told by the Inuit about more dead "kabloona" near the mouth of the Back River and that these men most certainly ". . . had been driven to the last dread alternative as a means of

sustaining life."

With this report of cannibalism, Rae's life was forever changed as Victorian society refused to believe these sensational rumours gleaned as so-called second-hand information from "unreliable savages." More than anyone, Lady Jane Franklin, with help from Charles Dickens, refuted the reports as slanderous. She began a systematic campaign to discredit Rae which certainly succeeded as today's history books still credit Franklin with the discovery of the Northwest Passage.

Rae eventually received credit and a reward for discovering the fate of Franklin but he was denied a knighthood, a honour bestowed on many lesser men in the history of Arctic exploration.

McGoogan's book successfully brings Rae's discoveries from obscurity into the proper place they deserve to occupy in our collective mind. His research includes numerous unpublished documents and letters in addition to extensive published materials. *Fatal Passage* is a compelling read as it describes Rae's journeys in great detail and takes the reader along through the northern parts of Canada. McGoogan clearly argues that Rae was unmatched by any other explorer of the Victorian era. The book has tension even though the outcome of the story is generally already known.

In 1999, McGoogan even went so far as to travel north to Point de la Guiche on Rae Strait where the explorer discovered the final link in the Northwest Passage. There McGoogan placed a plaque on what he believes to be near the same spot where Rae built a cairn in 1854. It commemorates Rae and his discoveries.

"For me, that is the most historically significant location in the Arctic," said McGoogan. And who could argue with him?

Paul vanPeenen makes his home in Maple Ridge, BC, when he's not paddling in the Great White North.

More CanoeLit on Page 11

The Barretts on the Bay in '25



The Journal of Richard Barrett
Edited by Gwyneth Hoyle

A diary of a trip made by my father, L.A. Barrett and myself. My father was 49 years of age, and I was 20, and a student in Mining Engineering at the time.”

“Grandfather Barrett always talked to his sons about making a canoe trip to James Bay. He never did. Later Father and his brother Ethelred planned to do so, and finally the summer of 1925 became the definitive date. All was set until Ethelred found himself as defense attorney in a very important case and had to cancel out. I was working underground at the Dome Gold Mine near Timmins that . So Father wrote to me to see if I would join him on the venture. I jumped at the chance.”

Dr. Barrett and his son Richard met on the Temiskaming and Northern Railway, en route to Cochrane where they visited an old friend, Mr. Stevens. Stevens and his two grown sons were all good bushmen. After hearing their plan to go down the Abitibi and return up the Missinaibi, he suggested an alternative route that he thought would be safer although longer. They accepted his advice to go down the Pagwa, Kenogami and Albany Rivers, canoe along the coast of James Bay to Moose Factory and return up the Abitibi.

In Cochrane the Barretts bought a beautiful 18' tight ribbed canvas covered canoe, broad of beam and “heavy as the devil” because of the extra thick canvas. They fitted it to take a mast for the lateen sail they had brought with them, and boarded the CNR train going west to Pagwa Crossing. At 2 am on August 5, the train let them off at a flag stop amidst thousands of mosquitoes, within the babbling sound of a

river. Their only map was of the Abitibi River, but they made their way easily down the Pagwa and Kenogami to the Albany River. Dr. Barrett had water-proofed their groundsheet by dissolving paraffin in warm gasoline and painting the solution on canvas. They had also made their own fly dope by cooking citronella, pine tar oil and camphor into an olive oil base. It was black, smelt strongly of tar, and was so sticky that it stayed on even over perspiration.

By August 12, after a week of travel, they had reached the island-filled, seven mile wide mouth of the Albany River. Without a map, it took an extra day of heavy paddling back upstream in foul weather to locate the Revillon post of Fort Albany. The post manager, Mr. Reid, was their first English speaking contact since Cochrane. He warned them of the dangers of coastal travel where the tide runs out in places for a distance of three miles. He also gave them a five gallon gunpowder tin to carry fresh water, believing there would be none along the coast.

The easy going canoe trip now turned into an adventure as they set off at 9.30 am on the second leg of their trip:

Aug. 14. Two o'clock found us poling with our paddles so far from shore that the trees were just a faint line. There was a gale blowing offshore and we were fearful of being blown out to sea. While trying to work our way back towards shore, we grounded on a sand bar and realized the tide had left us high and dry. About four o'clock we floated again and started to work our way back towards land, moving in every time we had sufficient water. At ten o'clock we could move no closer, but in the darkness could see nothing but marsh. We drove our paddles into the mud, tied the canoe to them and moving our dunnage fore and aft, made space amidships to lie

Classic Tripping

down with our heads at opposite ends and in this manner fell asleep.

Aug. 15. We awoke just at sunrise with a bitterly cold “norther” blowing across our faces. The tide picked us up about nine o’clock and we started immediately to make as far as we could before getting caught again. About noon we reached a long ridge that seemed to run a great distance out to sea. After nearly 27 hours in the canoe we were glad to go ashore, pitch camp and wait out the blow. There were no trees from which we could cut tent poles so we threw the tent over the upturned canoe, rocked it down and camped under it.

Aug. 16. Very heavy sea running. We managed to make the next point, five miles away without smashing the canoe on one of the many large rounded rocks, almost invisible in the murky water. Our canoe has so much freeboard that it caught a lot of wind giving my Father trouble in the stern. His hands, not toughened when we started, are still blistered from paddling. He wrapped them carefully each morning with clean handkerchiefs to protect the bare flesh. It was still very cold and we shivered a lot. Decided to spend the day and night here. During the night it rained heavily and I woke to find that water was running in under the side of the tent. We had a moment of fright thinking that the high tide was coming in over our wee island. With the flashlight we spotted the problem with the tent, corrected it and rolling over in our wet blankets were soon asleep again.

Aug. 17. Another dull cold morning, very stormy, but we felt we must push on. Waves were running four to five feet high. After shipping several pailfuls of water, we were forced to give up and go ashore, wading the canoe along in the shallow water to the next point. Some Indians were camped further along the shore. Father pointed out that there must be fresh water otherwise Indians would not camp there. They showed us a water hole back in the woods. The swampy tasting water was particularly welcome as the water in our tin was almost exhausted and tasted of sulphur and saltpetre from the gunpowder.

Aug. 18. Bright, clear and calm. We got away early and made the first decent progress for several days. We paddled until rain hit us. It promised to be an all day rain so we went in and made camp. We estimate we had made about ten miles. All night long it blew a gale and rained in torrents.

Aug. 19. The frying pan had a good inch of water in it. It was cold and windy all day, although the sun broke through for part of the time. We cut down a couple of fair sized spruce to make a windbreak. We cooked the plovers (shot the day before) and made a delicious stew, thickening the gravy with flour. Served with hot

bannock it was a scrumptious meal. All day long great skeins of geese were flying overhead.

Aug. 20. Day broke bitterly cold, the wind still tearing at the tent. Without waiting for breakfast, we pulled up stakes and moved

back into the spruce woods. The sun was shining and the dense growth shielded us from the cutting wind. It was heaven. We set snares (which never catch anything), blazed a trail to the water-hole, and when the shades of night drew upon us we crawled into a delightfully soft bed, underlain with spruce boughs.

Aug. 21. We spent the night watchfully. Estimating that the tide would be in about 2.30 am, we were up early, cooked breakfast and tumped all our gear across to the shore. My Father took the first load across while I let down the tent, and when he came back he said he could see no sign of the water. With considerable effort we carried the canoe and gear out a distance over the mud flats so we could move as soon as the tide reached that spot. Just at noon, we floated and got on our way. This trip is teaching us patience if nothing else. We made good time for a while with the sail up. At 3 pm we beached on the south side of a stubby

peninsula. The wind had swung around to the south and it was now quite warm, so we stripped off our clothes and had a quick swim in the icy waters. There was speculation as to where we were on the Bay. If only we had a map of part with us!

Aug. 22. Up and away before daylight. We followed the tide out, manoeuvring carefully among the rocks, passing a number of longish ridges that ran out quite a distance from shore. We sighted what appeared to be a headland far ahead to the south - perhaps the mouth of the Moose. By steady work against a strong head wind the objective was reached, and to our disappointment the shore extended beyond for miles without a single break. After bucking head winds all day we turned and ran in until we grounded. It was late in the evening and the tide was out a good way. We gathered a few pots and some grub and walked across the tidal flats to build a fire and cook a meal. As we walked in from the canoe, which was painted grey, we realized that it might be hard to find on our return, for the flats were dotted with large boulders of a similar colour. We set two tallish poles upright in the sand in line with the canoe. We returned to the canoe as dusk was approaching, aligning ourselves with the poles which showed against the sky, and by this method had no trouble in reaching the canoe. The shore was poor and marshy. We tied the canoe to paddles driven firmly into the mud and bedded down in it. As we lay there with our hips wedged in under the thwarts and our faces turned skyward, we beheld the greatest display of Northern Lights



L.A. Barrett in the stern: Summer 1925

Classic Tripping

we had ever seen. Row upon row of ghostly streamers, some even lying in great arcs in the southern part of the sky. Tide would float us about 2 am.

Aug. 23. At the first swing of the canoe we awakened. We decided to ride "at anchor" until the paddles came adrift or it got light enough to navigate. Father said he would sit up and watch. I tried to do likewise but soon pulled the covers over my head. Father, sitting with the covers up to his neck drifted off into dreamland. He awoke when the canoe started bumping on the bottom, the sun well up in the sky. The tide had come in and was now on its way out! In a twinkling we had our socks off and were wading the canoe out into shallow waters we could paddle. About midday we ran into a basin and as the tide continued to fall, found ourselves land locked, once more the victim of the tides pranks. We smoked Durham cigarettes and chatted until we floated again. Further along we suddenly noticed that the shore line was broken for quite an interval. Running past a shoal island we spied an Indian who pointed in the direction we were heading as an answer to our shout of "Moose?". Suddenly something smooth and yellow flashed at the surface off our port bow. Then we saw them flashing all around us, sometimes so close that we feared lest the monsters would upset us. We learned later that these were "white whales" and were never known to upset a boat. We reached the Hudson Bay Post at 6 pm and a welcome sight it was. Here endeth the second leg of our trip.

Aug. 25. We were away at 6.15 with the tide, working against a headwind. We passed the mouth of the French River, flowing in from the southeast at noon and ran into miles of shoal water which we waded, dragging the canoe.

Aug. 26. The wind was more moderate and sometimes behind us. Once, with sail and paddles we almost made the top of a rapid before the wind dropped. In spite of furious effort with our paddles we drifted down stream again. The first of the four Abitibi River mouths was reached in early afternoon. We explored all four of them and finally found the portage on the south bank of the fourth branch late in the afternoon and camped beside a survey station.

Aug. 29. Woke to the howling of the cursed sou'wester, but had to push on because of the food situation. Checking our position on the map, we estimate eight days ahead of us and our supply of flour, etc., will only last about four days

Aug. 30. A thunderstorm and head winds. Caught a fair sized bass and two pike.

Aug. 31. We finished the fish for breakfast. Strong head winds again today. By lining we made some of the best mileage so far and reached the Blacksmith Rapids in the afternoon, camping a mile above them.

Sept. 1. Woke late to a favourable wind. Making good time, we reached the mouth of the Little Abitibi and reached the Long Rapids in mid-afternoon. We had wondered if they had been named after a Mr. Long but soon found that the name was descriptive. It was slow hard work, stealing up inch by inch, and

cold wading those waters. Wonderful night. Cold and clear with the Northern Lights waving in curtains of spectral colours overhead.

Sept. 2. Our rations are now very small. Our clothing involves good woollen underwear and heavy corduroy trousers. We let them dry on us at night by the heat of our bodies so as not to have to put cold wet clothing in the morning. Continuous rapids all day, wading most of the time - hard, slow slippery going. Reached smooth water at 5 pm. What a relief! Found a deserted cabin in an old clearing and decided to spend the night there. The thump of a rabbit's foot outside got us up. After missing two shots, we saw a rabbit sitting motionless under a bush and got it. Upon entering the shack again, what did we see but another rabbit, cringing in the corner. It was not a very sporting shot, but hunger overcomes training.

Sept. 4. The view this morning from our camp was beyond description: the hills, the waning moon, the spires of mist rising above the tree, the silently moving strings of foam from the eddies. Today at lunch, we were drinking a little of the gravy from the rabbit stew, when I realized that my Father was holding the pail to his lips, but was not drinking. He was pretending to do so, so that there would be more for me. We were both getting weak from the strenuous work and the small amount of food. Taking him to task about this, he smiled as only a father can smile who loves his son, and he agreed to take his proper quota. We must make the Hudson Bay "New Post" tomorrow at all costs.

Sept. 5. We thought we had passed our last rapids until after the Post, but we were wrong. Half a mile from our camp, we encountered the other half of the Otter. After a long search for the portage, and a lengthy carry, it was a pleasure to be paddling on smooth water. Tired, hungry and irritable for the want of food, we said little as we paddled along. We finally sighted the white building of the Post at 6.15 PM. Two French Canadians helped us unload and turned the canoe over to examine its bottom. One exclaimed: "By Jeess Chris', I set of the trip, despite many portages and more rain, was without incident. We prepared a great feast of bacon, salt pork, boiled potatoes, hot bannock and corn syrup and ate until it was painful to move.

On September 9 they reached Island Falls where the Fraser-Brace Company was building a huge dam to develop power for Ontario Hydro. They were allowed to eat in the staff dining room and sleep in the hospital between clean sheets. They awoke feeling fit as fighting cocks, clean, warm and not bothered by the cold rain that was still. The company's little construction train took them out to the junction with the main line, three miles away. In Cochrane they sold their canoe back to the merchant from whom they had bought it for a fair price, and had dinner with their old friend Mr. Stevens. In spite of the heaped plates they had demolished at dinner, as they waited for the train south, they bought an apple pie at a bakeshop, asked for it to be smothered in ice cream, and shared it between them.

HACC Odyssey to Ungava and Labrador

For many years the HACC was known for doing arduous trips that had a great historical connection. Then we changed focus a bit and branch out into our Onriver.Online series of routes that were straightforward down river journeys.

Now, with Labrador Odyssey 2001, we are ready to combine the two. Part of the reason we chose simpler trips was because of the technical demands of gathering and sending photos and stories using digital cameras, solar power and satellite phones. After two digital trips on the George and Winisk we feel comfortable to tackle a much tougher canoeing challenge.

And the Labrador Odyssey should give us that.

We begin the trip in Prince Edward Island at CJ'01, the giant Scouts Canada Jamboree. Our principal sponsor, Woods Canada, is an exhibitor there and we will do a final trip pack while speaking to the kids. This trip's crew includes three Peake brothers; Michael, Sean and Geoffrey and regulars Peter Scott, Peter Brewster and young, fresh-faced Andrew Macdonald.

We board an Air Labrador Twin Otter for a long charter north with gas stops at Natashquan on the North Shore and Goose Bay on the way to Nain. From Nain, where we stay overnight, we head north on a longliner and an overnight stay at a remote cabin to the abandoned mission of Hebron.

We will stop to visit this large wooden structure on the barren shores of Labrador assembled from pieces brought over in the 1820s by Moravian missionaries (the first Ikea?). The mission served the Inuit of the area right up until 1959 when the Newfoundland government of Joey Smallwood moved them south.

We will then take the boat a bit further north around the steep cliffs before Saglek Fjord where we will begin paddling. Here the rugged and steep, 3 billion year old Torngat Mountains rise from the Labrador Sea. Following the coast north we turn west into huge Nachvak Fjord, one of the scenic wonder of the north, with its steep

valley and many rivers entering.

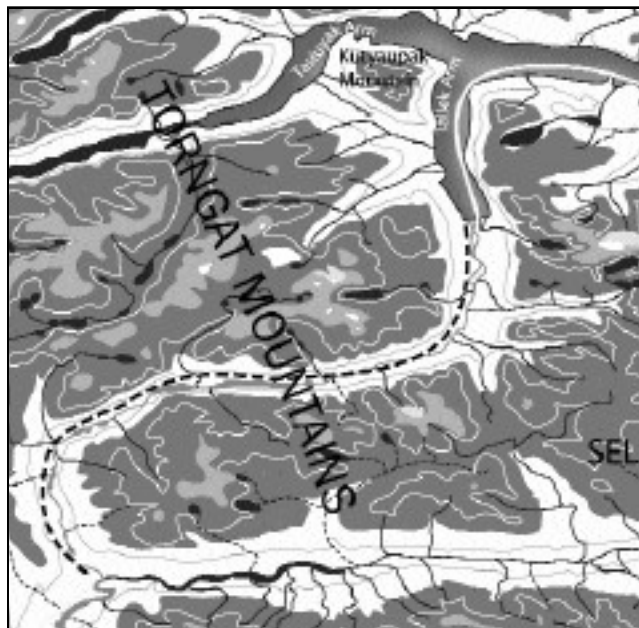
At the end of Nachvak our work begins as we enter the outflow of the Palmer River and take the traditional route between Labrador and Ungava. Up the Palmer until we start to walk for up to 15 miles and over the height-of-land into Quebec and the Korok River which will drop 700 feet in 90 miles into Ungava Bay.

While this area is not rich in exploratory history there is one particular trip that many know about. For most people the Hubbard-Wallace journey to Ungava ended at the mouth

of the George River. Here, Mina Hubbard, who showed up her rival Dillon Wallace by beating him to the coast departed southbound with Wallace in the steamer *Pelican*. But shortly after leaving, Wallace and partner Clifford Easton left the boat and headed to Kuujuaq to wait for freezeup. That winter of 1906 they travelled up the Korok River and down the Palmer to Nachvak and then south down the coast with a dog team. We will reverse the process.

All of this info is available on our complete Web site at www.canoe.ca/labrador2001. We will have the trip stories beginning July 10 and besides journal and photo submissions we will have video packages and QuickTime VR panoramas to offer - all done in the field. The site also has an extensive history on the areas we are travelling in plus complete canoe tripping info on our equipment, food and communications. The site was designed by Sean Peake, the HACC director of Research and now official Webmaster.

We hope you will join us and follow along - those of your who aren't paddling yourselves! Despite all the high-tech gear, the travel remains the same. You have to deal with the elements and harsh weather and haul everything by hand. That includes our one big change this trip. Given the vagaries of Labrador weather we thought solar power would be risky. So that least coveted load on our long portage will be our 1000 watt generator!



The crux of the trip. Leaving Nachvak Fjord (top) and heading up and over the Palmer Rivervalley to the Korok in Quebec.



Canoesworthy

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Kojima's good friend and fellow Japanese adventurer Hyoichi Kohno was missing en route from the North Pole to Ellesmere Island.

Kohno's body was found frozen in the sea-ice about a week after he was reported missing on May 17. On May 23 a plane chartered by Kohno's support crew in Resolute Bay was able to land in the area. Upon investigating they found Kohno's body in the ice underneath his sled. Kohno was still tied to the sled and appears to have been trying to cross an open lead when he slipped into the water and was unable to escape.

Kohno's ski trip was to be the first leg of a six-year attempt to travel overland from the North Pole to Japan.

Kojima, 57, started his epic journey from the heart of Russian Siberia - Lake Baikal, the world's deepest lake - in 1997. He believes Lake Baikal is the cradle of the Mongolian people, who, he further believes, are the forebears of both modern Inuit and Japanese people. Each day the team travels approximately 40 miles at a pace of about 6 mph. This pace is a little less than half the speed dogs keep when racing competitively.

Mining will not save the far north says a new major study of Nunavut's economy by the Conference Board of Canada. Conference board researchers say it's inevitable

that at least four mines will open in Nunavut by 2012: the Kitikmeot's Jericho diamond and Hope Bay gold mines, and the Kivalliq's Meliadine and Meadowbank gold mines.

But they say that, though mining will generate enormous revenues on paper, only a tiny fraction of that cash is likely to stay in Nunavut.

For example, they project that a mine generating \$1.6 billion in revenues would produce only \$84 million in wages and salaries for Nunavut residents over 12 years.

That's because there's no devolution agreement on non-renewable resource royalties between Ottawa and Nunavut, and only limited resource royalty-sharing provisions in the Nunavut land claim agreement.

As well, it's probable that Nunavut residents could fill less than one-third of mining jobs, and that's only if training is available beforehand.

The conference board warns that each of Nunavut's four proposed mines would likely close within five years, and that Nunavut's mining sector could stagnate after that.

As for the highly touted Izok Lake ore deposit in the Kitikmeot, the researchers say that without the construction of an enormously expensive all-weather road and port, the development will never happen.

OUR BACK PAGES

The following back issues of Che-Mun are available at \$5 each (which includes postage).

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Arctic Crossing

A Journey through the Northwest Passage & Inuit Culture

By Jonathan Waterman

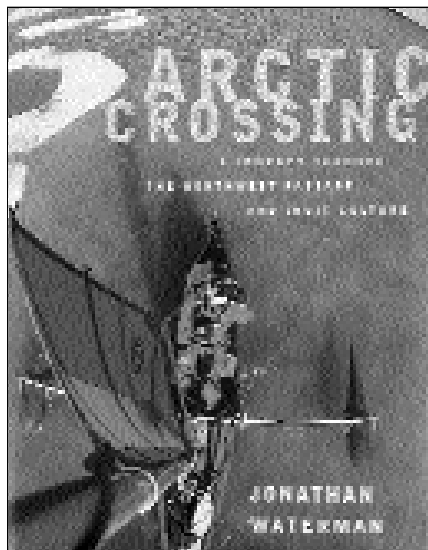
Random House Canada \$39.95

354 pages with 85 black and white illustrations, 8 pages in full colour and endpaper maps.

ISBN: 0-679-31090-8

Reviewed by Paul Van Peenen.

In August 1999 I met Jonathan Waterman walking down one of the dusty streets of Gjoa Haven, Nunavut. We were both stranded in this remote Arctic hamlet. Waterman was waiting for better conditions to continue his expedition through the Northwest Passage, a journey he had begun two years earlier in Tuktoyaktok, while I had just finished an expedition and was



waiting for a plane to take me home.

Although winter was rapidly approaching and he faced a dangerous 22 kilometre crossing of Rae Strait, Waterman continued by hitching a ride with two French sailors across the strait and carried on kayaking and hiking across the Boothia Isthmus for nearly another two weeks until he had fulfilled his desire to link the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific

Oceans. Pack ice and the Arctic winter finally halted his progress and the risk of continuing to Pelly Bay just was not worth it. Besides, he had a good reason to go home: he and his fiancée, June, were planning to get married as soon as he returned.

In his new book *Arctic Crossing*, Waterman recounts his 3,541 kilometre trek through the Northwest Passage and his encounters with past and present Inuit culture. He paints a vivid portrait of the stark Arctic Landscape and his encounters with the wild animals that continue to thrive in one of the harshest locales on the planet. His frequent meetings with Inuit in their communities and on the land gave Waterman a new insight into that culture which most of us southerners know little or nothing about except for the sensational news

reports showing young children sniffing gasoline.

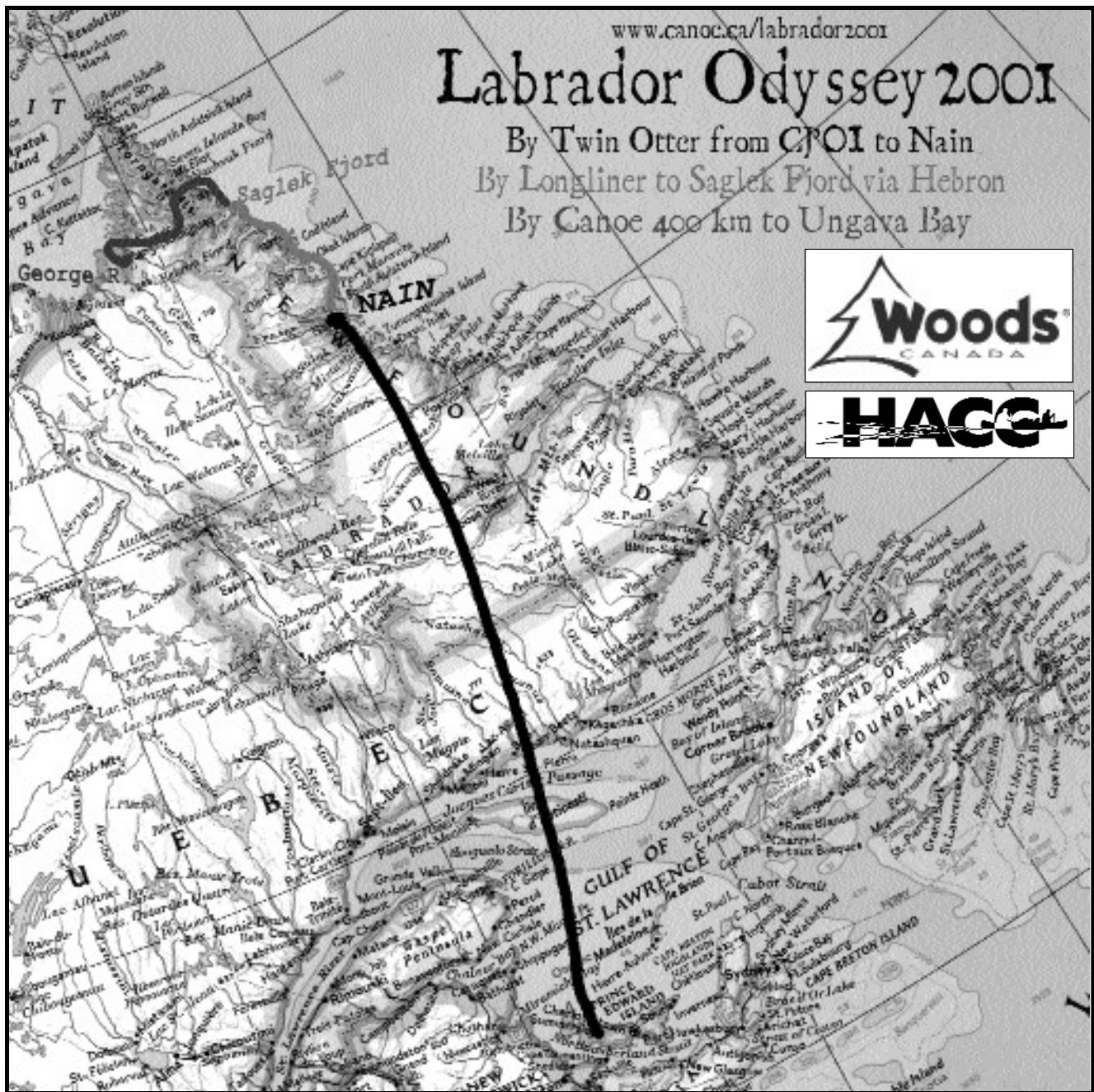
He does not altogether paint a rosy picture of the troubled Inuit communities. He is witness to drug and alcohol abuse, poverty and unemployment and the struggle of a culture searching for its lost identity as it tries to fit its ancient values into a modern world that is not interested and lacks understanding. However, Waterman also describes the joy he sees in Taloyaok when a beluga whale is caught and the entire town comes out to the beach. He writes that "...the sadness is no longer evident on any of the faces surrounding me. These traditionally minded people are lifted back to another world as they stroke the whale's soft skin and remember that it has given itself up as food..."

Waterman's solo journey is a remarkable feat. Beginning in 1997, he paddled west from the mouth of the Mackenzie River to Prudhoe Bay, Alaska. The following spring and summer he traveled east from the Mackenzie River on skis, by dog sled and kayak finishing the journey in 1999 by kayaking from Umingmaktok to Lord Mayor Bay on the Gulf of Boothia.

The physical and psychological struggle of undertaking such a long trip alone in an often hostile environment demands fitness of both body and soul. In the popular genre of modern adventure stories Waterman's story is unique because of the fusion of his own endeavor and that of the Inuit he encounters. It is not just another adventure story of an intrepid, Gore Tex-clad explorer who sails off into the unknown and in the end overcomes overwhelming odds to redeem his prize. Instead, it is an anti-climactic story but rich in detail of the landscape and its inhabitants. Waterman's prize is a greater understanding not just of a culture closely tied to this landscape but also of himself and how he relates to that culture and the landscape.

"Everything Inuit have taught me shows that the world, even the remote Arctic, is a different place from what I would like it to be." This is the crux as Waterman realizes that in today's fast paced society ancient Inuit cultural values constantly collide with modern Western dogma and that his own kind - the wilderness adventurer - is also running out of room because there really are no new places to discover. All the highest mountains have been climbed and all of world's oceans have been sailed. What is left to discover is only within ourselves. With this, his eighth book, Waterman succeeds to convey his personal discoveries while also shedding some much needed light on the issues facing a marginal population at the top of our world.

Paul vanPeenen is a writer, photographer and arctic traveler based in Maple Ridge, British Columbia..



East Coast Odyssey -- This year's Labrador Odyssey trip covers a big area of Canada's east coast. We will take a lengthy (700 mile) Twin Otter flight with Air Labrador from PEI and the CJ'01 Scout Jamboree to Nain, the last town on the north coast of Labrador. We then hop a Longliner boat to the abandoned Hebron Mission where we will then paddle to Ungava Bay via the Labrador Sea, up the Palmer River across the height of land and down the Korok River.

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